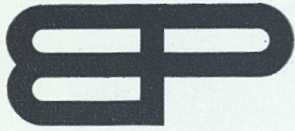


BLOCKPRINT



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... and a special thanks to
Bill Romano for a pleasant
summer.

"Hipness is not a state of
mind. It's a fact of life."
— Cannonball Adderley

Cover —
Joe Macdonald of Country
Joe & the Fish

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INSTANT HIPNESS — FOR A MORE PLASTIC AMERICA

Spending summer on the Hill managed to isolate me from the latest sociological phenomenon. Alienated from the mass-media (and therefore also alienated from the Truth) it wasn't until a brief trip "home" that I became aware of it. It seems that American society has embraced a kind of plastic hipness or made it its Public Enemy No. 1 — depending on what side of the fence you're on.

It seems that every punk 15-year-old kid with his hair rubber-cemented over his ears or a chick with a Woolworth's refraction disc epoxied to her forehead is a hippie. And Helen and Harry Suburbia can spot 'em on the street — you bet. Hell, Harry has read Time's and Look's articles on the Haight-Ashbury scene — he knows how dangerous these youthful subversives are. If we don't stop 'em now they'll be running naked through the streets.

Somehow I can sympathize with Harry. The mental image of teenies running down the streets of Shady Ridge, painting their nude bodies with fluorescent paint, and flaunting themselves at passers-by is a trifle disconcerting. Harry, too, knows this is a bit exaggerated but it still lurks in his subconscious and disturbs his Sunday naps in the backyard hammock.

Yet isn't America great? Adolescents

no longer have to go through that awkward stage. Remember being awkward or feeling embarrassed? Well, the new American teenager no longer has to tolerate that. It's all been replaced by being hip, cool, or slick. The U.S.A., the land of equal opportunity and the Great Society, has made it easy for any teen in Peoria to be "with it." Madison Avenue and the supposed "trend-setters" have gladly provided the removable badges of rebellion and thanks to this country's awesome power of communication have made it available to all. Hip is now big business and everyone has jumped on the bandwagon.

Contrary to popular belief, the 1960 mondo attitude is still with us. Its just that the teased and slicked back hair is disguised beneath Mod garb. If you'd like a thoroughly sickening example of this then drive out to the Rabbit in Taunton on under 18 night. There you can feast your eyes on Sally the weekend hipster — one of Seekonk High's cheerleaders.

"Mom — can I go to the Rabbit tonight?"

"Yes, Sally — but if you see anyone fooling with drugs be sure you avoid them."

If Mom saw Sally later that night she'd hemorrhage. A chain of pop tops around her forehead (that go smartly

with her braces), and her skirt hiked up another 3 inches (showing off her black petti-pants) is just the beginning. There's Sally atop a go-go pedestal solo dancing dirtier bop than Bo Diddley and totally unaware of her lewdness. Another victory for the new immorality! And it is new — totally different than getting knocked up in the backseat of your boyfriend's car. Somehow the new immorality is more unconscious while being much less discreet. It's all so very hip.

All the talk about the love generation subculture that will save the self and the world is a bit premature. What about the pseudo-hip that the hip community has indiscreetly spawned? They will mature and possibly name their kids Timothy, Ringo, or Moby but their minds will be no different than today's. The hip community's Frankenstein is a lewd, unthinking, sect of imitating adolescents.

Thanks to commercial America the pseudo-hip has been created with an amusing sidelight. It has made the average adult cognizant of a new fifth column — a more dire enemy than the Viet Cong — the "hippie." Previously, Mr. and Mrs. America never saw the beat element in their midst. Now, with every other teenie playing hipster they can see a creep in their very own hometown. The most frightening aspect of today's suburban living is that Ed & Agnes Nextdoor may be harboring "one of these" as a son or daughter. Between football practice and the teen canteen he may be hustling EVO or leftist literature to your little Bobby . . . and as Bobby sits behind the garage salivating over a copy of Inner Space you can hear the Shady Ridge cheerleaders in the distance — shouting free-love slogans through their megaphones.

So nothing is sacred anymore dear readers. The incoming freshmen class (who I think I was supposed to traditionally welcome in this column) have all read the *Hobbit*, know who Country Joe & the Fish are, and have at one time been smiled at by Jim Kewskin. Don't even bother to come down to the refectory to gawk. The summer grown sideburns and mustaches aren't really worth it.

Ronn Spencer



What's Inside Your Brain Girl? . . .

AMERICA PLASTIC CANADIAN SUNSET

You spend a long day and you see several pavilions — some are nice. There are lots of lines of decent five-star Americans mumbling behind you, "Well I told Dan he could buy the orange drink if it was 20¢ or less ying yang ying yang . . .," and these Canadians doing Aznavour voice, "le vasseur a la yib yib . . . eh? . . ."

Sometimes you stand in three hour lines, sometimes no line. All the pavilions were the same, just like the people. No real high-grade people, no real low-grade people, as bland as Baltic Avenue or Marvin Gardens, and with the mini no longer controversial, as boring as the full parking lots. *Bore me print dress.* There were some selective, rewarding pavilions, like the film presentations: Scandinavia, Man and his Community, and the Brewer's Pavilion for an International cold one, but the major grossout or dismay for Guidos expecting the same ol' thing was the US pavilion. See, this one was different, which irritates most people. Take a minirail ride through the dome and you glance a giant Brando billboard Elvis's guitar, a history of Raggedy Ann dolls on the floor below — which was enough to change some minds about the wait in line. Go through it and there's a film — 22 minutes, not about LBJ,

Viet, or industry — an elegant three screen projection by Seven Associates of Cambridge showing kids at play.

Then a floor of the American Spirit, humorously, warmly, displaying U.S. through the small things that mean so much to us — like hat styles, rat traps, the guitars; the top floor displaying retrieved spacecraft which the kids could touch. Then a floor about the Cinema, our national collective concious. People mazing through a maze of towering posters from Keaton to Dean, with booths devoted to various important themes — like the chase, love scenes, comedians. There were films flashing. For example, famous love scenes for 15 seconds, then on to the next; with sound tracks colliding it was an impressive collage. Some officials found this floor quite uncultural, but to see the folks standing mouth open saying . . . "that's Gable in . . . oh what is it! — oh yea, that . . . Mitchum in that one with whatser . . . That one's easy — Bridge on The . . ." told you that this was our heritage, and the theater is where we dream.

So all this is quite different from the usual nationalism hard sell of say the USSR Pavilion. The humor and soft sell was too much for many. But the final touch came when the remaining floor was a giant display of that modern art

stuff. Giant pieces by superstars — super vibrant and alive — specifically chosen as to scale, not a history, but a show of the many directions of the contemporary scene. 60 foot tall Jim Dine, huge Lichtenstein, something by Arty Warhol (himself). Historic statements were heard like "what's it supposed to mean," etc.

Film was the media, yessir, and the US film was elegant and had art in it as opposed to the technical victories of the Czech and Kaleidoscope, (nevertheless impressive projected in a mirrored room.) But the US, Labyrinthe, and the Telephone 360° projections explored the advantages granted by the multiple screen. One caution: the subtle juxtaposition of flower images and industrial images is to be included in the category of cliches like leaning on brick wall album covers and "hot enough for you?"

There also was a Youth pavilion — a meeting place for international youth — a street corner away from home. It sounds like something an adult would plan, and it was. The Canadians picked up the girls, and people stared at each other's hair. Inside were displays of slides of youth, and one six screen sequence about youth's energy showed different shots of a flesh make for 20 minutes.

T.D.



SUMMERWISE



The Grass Scene at RISD



The World's First Mel-In

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Instead of picking up freshmen chicks this weekend . . .

BOSTON

BOSTON TEA PARTY — 338-7026 —

Sept. 22 & 23 Hallucinations

CROSSTOWN BUS — 254-2081 — unscheduled

UNICORN — dial "Uni corn" — unscheduled

CLUB 47 — 864-3266 — Sept. 22 & 23 Charles River Valley Boys

NEW YORK

CAFE AU GO GO — 777-4530 wouldn't bother to answer

TOWN HALL 22 & 23 Mothers of Invention

NITE OWL — OR7-8060 — unscheduled

VILLAGE GATE — GR5-5120

INTERNATIONAL PSYCHEDELIC EXPOSITION Forest Hills 21-24 (arts, films, crafts, lights, music)

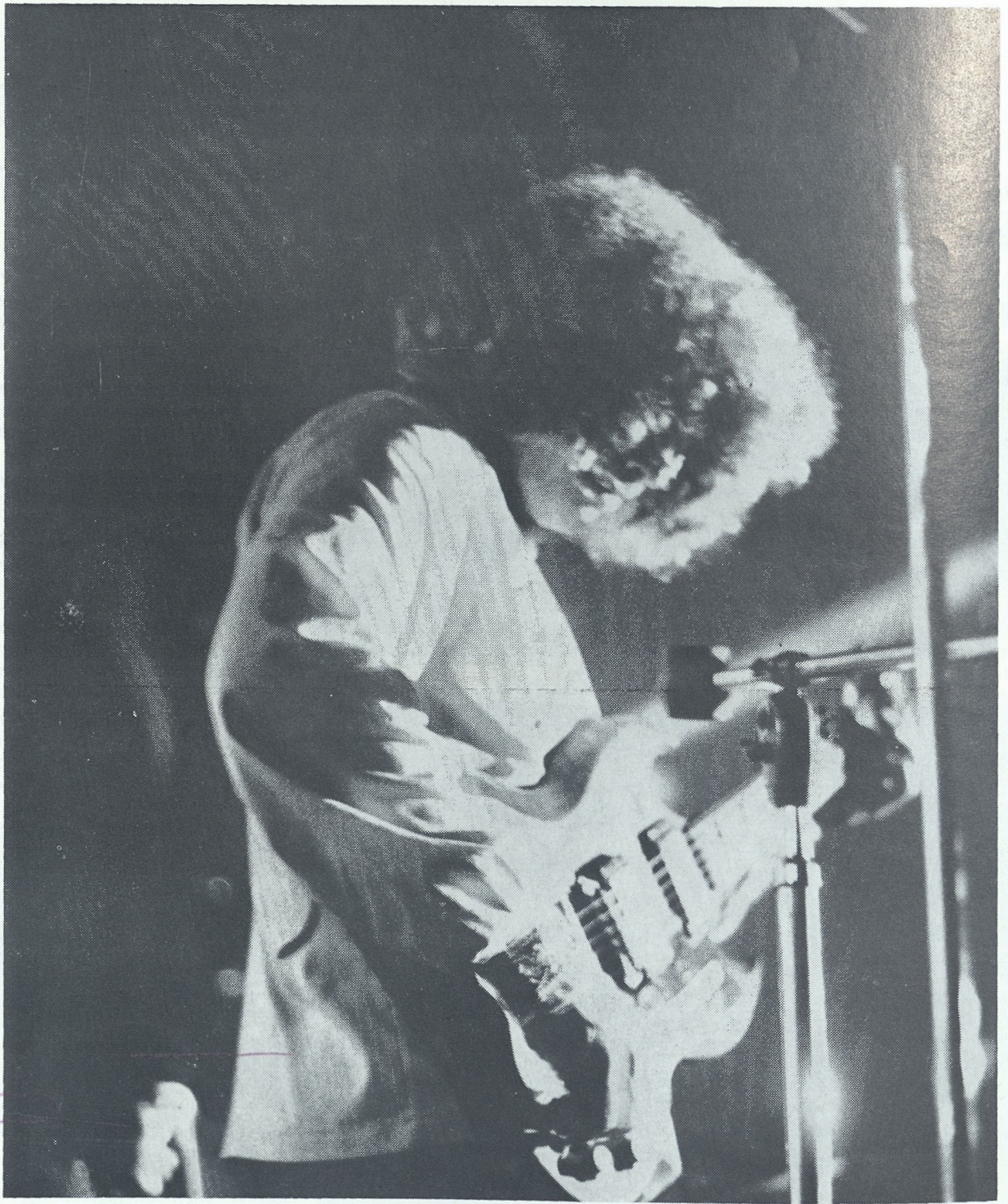
MUSEUM

If George Washington returned to earth today and were discredited as an imposter because he did not look like Gilbert Stuart's portraits, no one would be surprised. It was the brush of the foremost portrait painter of the young Republic that determined how the Father of our Country would appear to future generations of Americans and not the law of genetics.

Two of the three famous Washington portraits, the "Vaughan" and the full-length "Lansdowne," are included in the first Stuart exhibition ever to be shown in Rhode Island beginning September 12 at the Museum of Art, Rhode Island School of Design.

Senator Claiborne Pell, D-R. I., and Governor John H. Chafee will pay tribute to Rhode Island's famous portraitist in featured talks at a formal preview for Museum members and special guests on Monday evening, September 11.

Examples of the best of Stuart, will be seen until October 15 in the present exhibition, the most notable visual tribute ever paid the artist.



Barry Melton of the Fish

Sept. 1, Boston Tea Party: The most dynamic U.S. band is *Country Joe & the Fish*. If psychedelic means mind-expanding then of all the bands that claim to be doing this, the Fish's beautiful approach crushes the uncontrolled bowels-of-the-earth noise that house bands have been feeding back to us all summer. Live, the Fish are better than their records. They are visually as well as musically exciting — quarts of hair and orgasmic movements. Lead guitarist Barry Melton, looking like a Neo-Quasimodo, contorting his face into ghoulish countenances, was actually faster and more discreet than "kings" like Clapton, Bishop, or even Bloomfield. For unique sounds Melton would spit on and blow through pickups, scrape his strings, and punch the rear of his guitar. But Melton's talent was equalled by the others of the group. Before the show Joe told us he was quitting the group. No future plans were disclosed — just that he and the Fish are "discussing it" and that he would return to L.A. Joe was "disinterested" in the East Coast but found our light shows equal to the West. "This is a dance hall. Like dance halls all across the country, they're all the same." The group's last LP will be released in about 2 months . . . *The Who* smashed \$3000 of equipment in Providence this summer . . . sophomore Jinx Rubin did the cover for the Rascal's "Groovin'" LP . . . Tea Party, Aug. 12: *Andy Warhol* with his *Velvet Underground* presented an exciting music and light experience that was a far cry from the mediocre presentation here last April.

A full-page ad in *Billboard* advertised the *Garden of Eden* — with a RISD member(?) . . . *Kweskin*, as you know, is now recording on Reprise, presumably because of more recording leeway than Vanguard. An electric 45 to be released soon . . . *The Blues Project* minus Kooper non-plused everyone at the Newport Jazz Festival . . . The Newport Folk Festival was boring save for the *Chambers Bros.* 2 years ago they booed Dylan's rock off the stage — this year they stood on chairs to see the *Chambers* do "Midnite Hour" accompanied by 20 go-go dancers. . . .



Bruce Barthol of the Fish

CALENDAR

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

- 9:30 a.m. Mem. Hall — Registration for Grad Students & Transfer Students in Div. offices.
- 9:30 a.m. Mem. Hall — Freshman Registration
- 2:00 p.m. Carr House — Eng. Proficiency Exam. for Transfer Students.
- 2:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — Sr. & 5th year student registration.
- 7:00 p.m. Refectory — Freshman Banquet for all new students.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

- 9:30 a.m. Mem. Hall — Registration for Juniors.
- 2:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — Registration for Sophomores.
- 2:00 p.m. Refectory — Orientation Meeting for Freshmen
- 5:00-6:00 p.m. Dr. Bush-Brown's Home — 132 Bowen St. — Reception for Freshmen & all new students.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

- 10:00 a.m. Auditorium — Convocation. Address by Dr. Bush-Brown. First Semester classes start.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

- 7:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — Film "The Silence."
- 8:00-11:00 p.m. Dean Reutlinger — "At Home" for all new students. Apt. — Homer Hall — informal.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

- 8:00 p.m. Mem. Hall — SAO Open House. Information on all clubs, Experimental films, refreshments.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

- 8:30 p.m. Refectory — Freshman Dance

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

- 8:30 p.m. Refectory — Dance — International House and Guests.

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